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BERLIN, THE CITY OF THE KAISER.

By William Horace Hotchkiss.

HAD you been in Berlin that day in 1871, glorious in German history, when the victorious armies came back from the war, you would have seen in one of its parks a colossus of stucco, with arms akimbo, half goddess, half barmaid, but fresh, muscular and impudent—the Berolina of twenty years ago. But two decades have wrought wonders for Berolina. The uncouth wench has taken on a queenly mien, her

figure, while still buxom, is clothed in a coat of mail and fine drapery, one hand rests on a warrior's shield, the other drops plenty from its outstretched palm, while the head bears proudly the mural crown of the third city of the civilized world.

Berlin is a metropolis of the present. The American traveler rolls over its asphalt, envies it its tramway system, dashes through on its elevated, elbows about in its



UNTER DER LINDEN, AND THE PALACE OF WILLIAM I.

crowds, compares its street scenes with those of New York; and wonders why he came. Yet Berlin has not been built in our day. The thirteenth century saw its beginnings; some quarters have buildings quaint enough for old Nuremberg or Goslar; even the sentimentalist, fresh from the gondolas of Venice, may find charms in its ancient *kähne*, punted through on the sluggish waters of the Spree. Old Berlin, too, has many a hoary legend. What boy has not heard of the "White Lady," the evil genius of the Hohenzollern, who

"Spooks abroad at middle night
Through castle halls and towers"?

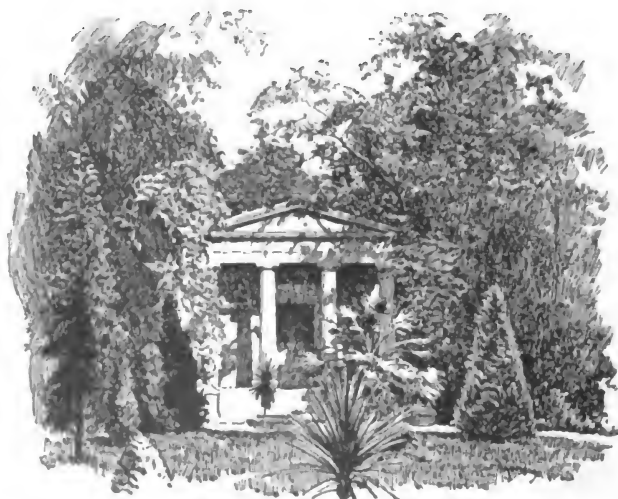
And the true Berliner holds Schlüter's equestrian statue of the Great Elector in peculiar veneration, for has he not from infancy believed that at dead of night the bronze warrior is wont to leave his pedestal and go dashing through the streets, castigating the transgressor and persuading to godliness with the edge of the sword?

Still Berlin is a modern city—save Chicago, none more so of the great urban hives. Even its old quarter has been lately bisected with a modern street, while in the heart of the old town stands that imposing pile, the new Rathhaus or City Hall. The city of the Spree woke up one morning about twenty years ago to find itself an Emperor's residence. Bismarck increased the fever by

heaping the French milliards beside the imperial crown; and Berlin became delirious. Then followed a boom such as our paper cities in the West might envy. Values were enormously inflated, wealth increased as if by magic, tens of thousands flocked to the German El Dorado, and all went well until the bubble burst; then Berlin woke up one other day to find itself bankrupt. Since 1873, the city has recovered and grown steadily in wealth and population. It now numbers 1,600,000, exclusive of suburbs, is growing at the rate of 35 per cent a decade, and already boasts its millionaires as glibly as do New York and Chicago.

Every metropolis has its quarters. Berliners speak of Old Berlin, the Friedrichstadt, Moabit, the Stralau quarter and a dozen others, as marking nuclei of growth. The hub of them all is Old Berlin, which corresponds in size and situation to the City in London. The student element, and Berlin's University has nearly 6000 matriculants, clusters in the section north of the Linden and the Spree, while the descendants of the Great Elector's Huguenot guests claim Moabit, the annexed district northwest of the Linden. Like every metropolis, too, Berlin is cosmopolitan, though in a limited sense. Not 42 per cent of its population were born within its limits, while of the *echte Berliner*, who still cling to "weiss bier" and a rasping dialect, the newer city has not 10 per cent.

Unter den Linden, says Lindenberg, is the radial artery of Berlin; he means Unter den Linden with its succession of open squares, the Schloss Bridge, the Lustgarten, and Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse to the eastward and Pariser Platz to the westward. This broad avenue, for half its length shaded by dwarfish lime trees, runs east and west through the heart of the capital, a mile and a half or more of palaces and public buildings, plentifully interlarded with hotels, shops and cafés. The growth of the city to the south and west and the



THE IMPERIAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

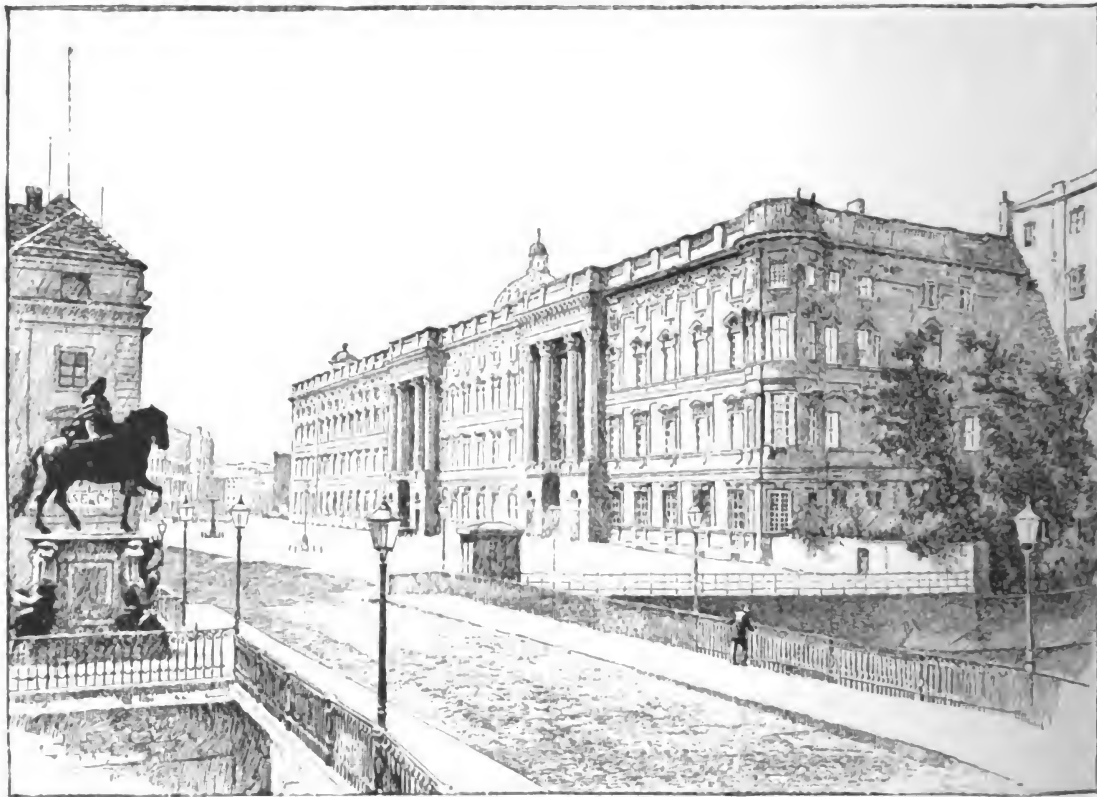


THE SCHLOSS BRIDGE AND OLD MUSEUM.

migration of wealth and fashion to these newer quarters have not in the least lessened the prestige of this street of streets. Here the *Berliner* loves to promenade. He will glow with pride as he points to Rauch's splendid statue of Frederick the Great, or tell you over and over again how the crowds used to stand *before the* simple palace of the old Emperor and burst through the lines *even of* Berlin's police when the beloved warrior came to his window; and he will shrug his shoulders a bit, for the curtains are drawn and, save for two sentries at its door, the *home of the* old hero seems as silent and deserted as the mausoleum at Charlottenburg in which he rests. He shrugs his shoulders, for the *Berliner* cannot forget the Spartan simplicity and glorious memories of the late reign. He shrugs, but does no more; the new Kaiser uses summary measures in dealing with incautious gossips.

Prussian history clusters about the Lustgarten. To the south is the vast façade of that vaster Schloss where the young Emperor lives, to

the east is the Dom or cathedral church, on another side rises the classic pile of the Old Museum, while crossing the Spree is the famous Schloss bridge, its pedestals surmounted by warlike groups in marble. The old Schloss is too big to be beautiful yet too venerable to be ugly. His Imperial Majesty, the second William, lives on its south or Schloss Platz side; the rooms looking on the Lustgarten are used for ceremonial occasions. Lovers of Carlyle may in its halls search out some of the scenes of those famous *rencontres* where the "old Prussian drill sergeant" taught his son, afterwards Frederick the Great, the meaning of paternal government. But the Berlin cathedral, the Dom! Some German has said of his countrymen that they will wear their coats threadbare while making up their minds whether to have a new button sewed on, a *mot* which may supply a *raison d'être* for the Berlin Dom. The stucco is flaking off its sides, its dome is coated with a dirty green oxide, while the interior might do for a tomb, to which purpose



THE OLD PALACE—SCHLOSS PLATZ FAÇADE.

the early Electors seem to have dedicated it. Or perhaps this hideous pile blazons a shortcoming in the German character, nowhere better expressed than in the prayer of a Prussian general before one of his battles, thus cleverly translated by an American observer: "Dear God, graciously assist me this day. But if you won't, why, then, don't help those blackguards, my enemies, but stand quietly by, look on and don't meddle. I'll manage." The statistics of modern Berlin show 1,300,000 evangelical Christians, with church accommodation for less than 30,000 of them.

It is refreshing to turn from the Dom to that fine Corinthian temple, not as old as new Berlin, the National Gallery. Even the stiff old museum has architectural charms, while no one can leave the Lustgarten without marking that the bronze statue of Frederick William III looks sternly toward the palace which once housed the first Napoleon, his conqueror, and that nursemaids now troop and gossip where formerly tramped the

giant grenadiers of the second king of Prussia.

The business of Berlin centers about Friedrich and Leipziger Strassen, both south of the Linden, the former at right angles to and the latter parallel with it, while Wilhelm Strasse, the official avenue of the capital, adds solidity to the neighborhood, and Potsdamer Strasse, the continuation of Leipziger to the westward, is a thoroughfare to the residence quarter near Lützow Platz. The architecture of this section is modern, its streets have the best of asphalt, its shops are tempting, and its cafés and promenaders quite Parisian. Buildings rarely reach the fifth story, and elevators are almost unknown; but Twenty Third Street, New York, is no more lively of a pleasant afternoon than is Friedrich near the Linden. Your first acquaintance is cabby, a lazy Jehu, whose rickety droschke and lumbering dialect are yours for an hour at less than sixty cents, and who soon becomes the characteristic sight of modern Berlin, ubiquitous, reliable,

and watchful for *trinkgeld*. By and by the tramway system will dawn upon you ; what a continuing pleasure it is to read your *Tageblatt* in peace, for when every seat is taken not another person can enter the car. Thus saith the Berlin police. This inquisitorial institution says much similar stuff even to the sojourner in Berlin. The American never knows whether he will sleep at home or in the double locked sanctum of these guardians of the peace. An innocent peanut shell, carelessly tossed on the sidewalk, may provoke a fine, while the poor Yankee who boards a moving train should expect a month at hard labor in a German prison. But for all that, he soon learns to respect the Berlin police. It, too, is ubiquitous, well informed, and astonishingly polite. Indeed, suavity of manners is conspicuous on the streets of Berlin. The *schaffner* lets fall a lusty *Mahlzeit!* as you enter your car, little accidents call forth profuse apologies ; custom enjoins lifting your hat to male as well as female acquaintances. No wonder the eco-

nomical Berliner has put forth a vigorous protest in the form of a Keep-on-your-Hat Society—it is so fearfully destructive to hat brim and patience.

The most ubiquitous Berlin specimen next to Jehu and policeman is the officer of the Guards. He is usually a finely proportioned fellow, spick and span in a uniform of dark blue, the trousers of which fit tighter than the cuticle beneath, and whose high red collar arouses feelings of pity for the perspiring prisoner on a hot day ; for it will not even wilt. Add to this a sword which never leaves him, jingling spurs just as brotherly, a nonsensical cap, and you have the dude of Berlin, smiled at, not ridiculed, by public opinion. He is a peculiar product of the German system ; or, perhaps better, his uniform is. This craze for regimentals takes on many a form. Youngsters in the military schools, not yet in their teens, wear the clothing and often the cumbersome sword bayonet of the regular soldier. The train dispatcher on the *Stadtbahn* is gor-



"THE APOTHEOSIS OF WILLIAM I" IN THE BERLIN NATIONAL GALLERY.



LEIPZIGER STRASSE, FROM POTSDAMER PLATZ.

geous with red cap and regalia. Students, with polychromatic caps, are everywhere. A good majority of the caps set off ugly scars, while not a few corps' heroes proudly greet their fellows from out the plasters and bandages born of the last duel. Lucky is he, too, who can be present at such a characteristic gathering as was the recent student jollification in honor of Bismarck at Kissingen.

Bismarck visited Berlin in the spring of 1891, and but few friends bade him welcome. He is an exile now. The very Berliners, who once greeted him with the sturdy *Hoch!* now try to forget him; for, say they, *der Kaiser ist der Kaiser*. Early in 1891, Moltke was one of the sights of Berlin. What sojourner does not remember that tall, wrinkled old man, rattling about in a hired carriage, the picture of concentrated thought and contented democracy! He, too, is now gone, and the Kaiser has telegraphed: "I have lost an army." That night there was not an officer at Kroll's. But the German is buoyant. Life is a pleasant journey, with plenty of beer and good cheer at

every station. The Berliner is contented and happy, whether he be one of the tens of thousands who dwell in squalid cellars or of the luckier tens who are guests in the halls of life's fortunates on the Linden and Wilhelm Strassen.

Cutting helter skelter through Berlin, now crossing the Spree, here on the edge of a street, there dashing through a block, always twenty feet above the dead level of the city, runs a construction of brick and iron, the Stadtbahn, or elevated railway. It winds, four tracks wide, through the heart of the city from east to west, and then swings about it through the suburbs. No wonder Berlin has grown since this great time saver was opened in 1883, or that the company which built it speedily became bankrupt. It cost a colossal sum to cut such a swath through the center of the city and another as colossal to erect the splendid structure. But the Prussian government is now in charge, and Berlin continues to grow as does no other continental city.

The suburbs of the city of the



THE CITY OF BERLIN, FROM THE RATHHAUS TOWER.

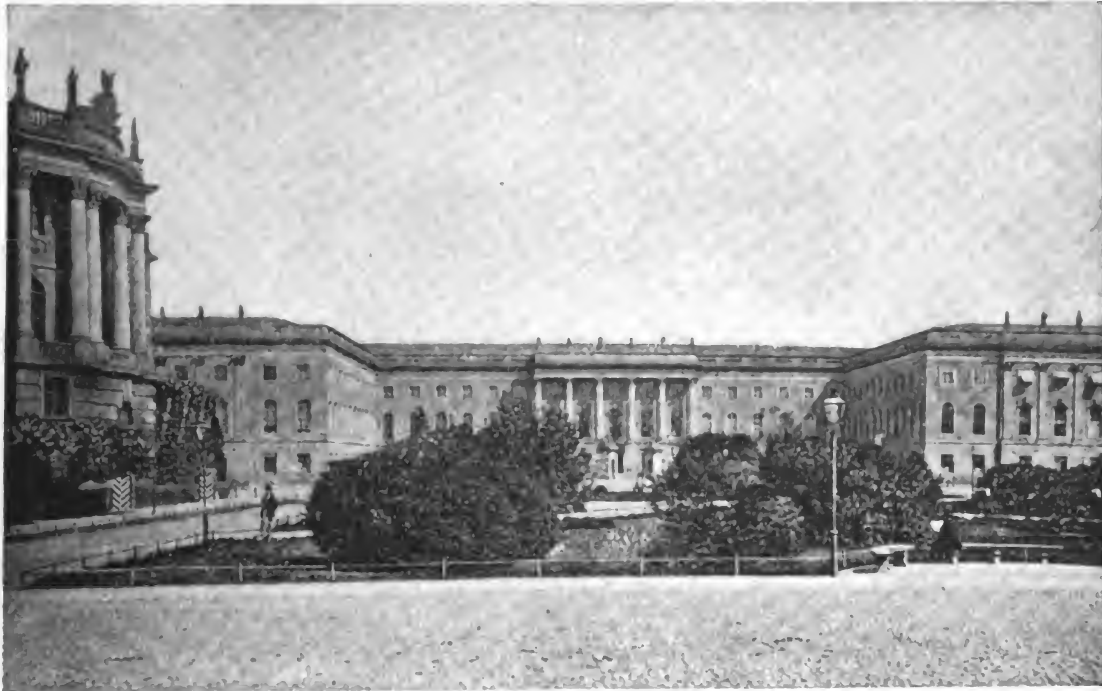
Kaiser recall Chicago. Lots are blocked out far beyond the settled quarters, while here and there and everywhere are going up the stucco faced Berlin tenements. Charlottenburg, the Harlem of Berlin, a separate municipality just west of the Thiergarten, added 13,000 to its 55,000 in 1890. The streets of these outer districts are always well paved, often shaded, and, save for a pressed brick schoolhouse here or there, lined by a continuous row of three or four story flats. Each building is of brick, coated with stucco, and, with its plaster Atlantes and Caryatides groaning under the weight of balconies made of hardened mud, all sun dried to a dull but not dirty whiteness, is not displeasing to the eye, until the years add their tarnish and Atlas and Caryatid begin to crumble to the sand whence they came. It is in these flats that the Berliner of the middle classes lives. A single house with grounds is like an oasis in a desert. Our American houses with their little garden plots would in Berlin be so much waste. German, like French, has no such word as "home."

There is a German saying, "morning to work ; evening to play." The Berliner never forgets it. He rests as he works—hard. He seems fairly to live on the outer air. Let a holiday come and he is off with Frau Berliner and the little Berliners to the Grünewald, for an excursion on the Spree to Treptow, or goodness knows where, if it promise fresh air and invites to rest. In early spring, he is positively daft. It is no uncommon thing to find him in his favorite beer garden, quaffing his *Löwen Bräu*, while the watery flakes of a late spring snow storm fall dismally on the table before him. He skates every afternoon in winter. He rides, he walks, drives, sometimes rows, and at home keeps his house a little warmer than an Esquimaux's and as draughty as if windows and doors were unknown. But it is as a night-outer that he is *par excellence*.

Berlin has theaters galore. Good seats at the Opera cost but \$1.50;

the poorest can be had at about one eighth that sum. Here he can hear Wagner, at least three nights of the seven, rendered by his favorite singers, with the best of orchestral accompaniment, and a ballet quite Parisian. Or he may go to the Royal Theater, the Schauspielhaus—by the way, one of the finest bits of architecture in Berlin—and hear Goethe or Schiller or Shakspeare, to say nothing of modern dramatists, produced magnificently and suited to his tastes for the boisterous and intense. Then there is the Deutsches Theater—such renditions of the drama of Faust are seen nowhere else—or the Lessing, or the Wallner. He enjoys it all, applauds to the echo, and goes home to sleep hard, work hard, and then rest hard the next evening. It is all he lives for.

While thousands of him are bowling off theaterwards in the early twilight at 6:30, other thousands wend their ways to the music halls. Next to the air the Berliner loves arias, but strong, moving tunes, blared forth from a hundred instruments or shouted out of scores of throats. In winter, the concert houses draw crowds every night. What American can forget the Philharmonie, with its fine orchestra, its carpet of tables, its visitings and gossipings over its beer! The concert house on Leipziger Strasse is even more frequented. Its devotees often hear strains which start them to their feet and send their enthusiastic "Bravo!" far out into the neighboring streets. Things are not so tumultuous in the scores of gardens scattered about Berlin. The more pretentious boast each a military band. Stirring melody is not wanting. Here come whole families to enjoy their evening meal. What a happy go lucky time they have withal, making and receiving calls among the neighboring tables, Hanschen learning his first lessons in victory while downing a generous beaker, and Marie hers in breaking a lance or two with Lieutenant Mars at her side. Here also do the fad-dists gather and wage their frothy



THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

warfare over mugs of beer. The sojourner never forgets his evenings at Kroll's, the most famous of these resorts, with its tables, its vistas of colored lamps and little opera hall near at hand; while he soon grows to feel himself a part of the gay thousands who nightly promenade between that acre of tables in the Zoological Garden, listening to its splendid music and finding here or there a friend among the crowd. These two resorts have scores of imitators. An enterprising brewer has lately turned a waste space beneath the Stadtbahn into a *weiss bier* garden. Indeed a thirsty mortal with twenty pfennigs in his pocket is an anomaly in Berlin. The common people have their resorts, not unlike their richer neighbors. Nor are the theaters and the open air gardens the only Meccas of the tired Berliner. Beer rooms flourish in every quarter of Berlin. Some, such as the well known Rathskeller, are modeled after the drinking cellars of old Germany. Hobgoblins, quaffing giant beakers, grin down from the vaulted arches; and the visitor finds much bibulous lore inscribed on the walls. These cellars are very temples of Gambrinus. The breweries, too, have each a garden

and cellar. Witness that of Tivoli, to the south of Berlin, about whose walls is a vast garden, and over whose door may be read this characteristic couplet:

Geneisst im edlen Gerstenfass,
Des Weines Geist, des Brodes Kraft.

But the Berliner does not live by beer alone. Scores of cafés of the French type may be found on his better streets. The Café Bauer is best known. It is on the Linden, and in summer, like many of its fellows, stands entirely open on the sidewalk. Herr Lieutenant or Monsieur Roué are not content until their coffee is drunk and their paper is read each afternoon at Bauer's. Bauer's, too, is a sight after the theaters; many a Berliner takes his sixth meal there. So are the Cafés Keck and National, two famous resorts at the witching hour. Thither doubtless will go Monsieur Roué, and thence to some of the numerous Ball Lokale, or dance halls. Herr Lieutenant has long since gone home. He is forbidden to make a night of it, save when attired *in civile*.

Berlin has four great parks and some thirty *plätze* or open squares. These latter are not unlike our



THE SCHAUSPIELHAUS AND SCHILLER STATUE.

breathing spaces save in their ornamentation. Wilhelm Platz has a half dozen fine statues of heroes in the Seven Years' War, yet it is no larger than Gramercy Park. Potsdamer Platz has two bronze warriors and is little more than a speck of green. But no park in Berlin deserves mention in the same breath with the Thiergarten. It begins at the western end of the Linden and is a forest in the center of the city, two miles long by nearly a mile broad. Some one has called it "a bit of poetry in the whirl of the restless metropolis." Near the Linden it is cultivated, broad walks and bridle paths wind between shaded lawns, but for the most part it is still wild and natural, and in many a spot the yellow carpet of leaves is untrodden, save by the solitary in search of rest from the noisy town. Two tortuous lakes add variety to this urban forest; and in winter there is no gayer sight in Berlin than their surfaces crowded with skaters "rolling" and "edging" to the strains of a military band.

In some sections are fine monuments of German worthies, Goethe's

in particular, while that of the beautiful Queen Louise, on a little island said to have been her favorite retreat, is a hallowed spot to the Berliner. On the good queen's birthday, every March, he heaps it with flowers to her memory. A broad avenue, with street car tracks at its side, runs through to Charlottenburg; this is the popular promenade. On Sunday afternoons, the Thiergarten is crowded; and here on all days the American will note that, in a park in that Germany where seemingly everything is *verboten*, there are still no signs with the familiar legend, "Keep off the Grass," nor any Draconic warnings to owners of dogs. The Thiergarten is, as has been said, a forest within a city, and quite as free and natural as its numerous kindred beyond the towns.

I am a Prussian; don't you see my banner?
Its folds of black and white are beckoning on.

Its meaning? Ah, it boasts the manner
My fathers died for freedom. Comrades, on!

Thus runs a Prussian war song.
The martial spirit is everywhere.

Youngsters toddling off to school carry their books in knapsacks, their luncheon in canteens. Common soldiers off duty crowd the streets, and in the morning hours of spring time the pedestrian on Friedrich Strasse is rarely out of sight of a battalion or band. The barracks, of which there are a score or more in Berlin, are never idle. Artillery lumbers about the pavements. Cuirassiers and dragoons play at war each day. From early morning till noon the exercising grounds echo with the strains of regimental music and the tramp of the German thousands. There is something intensely national, unifying, about the whole system. One street boy twits another: "Why, your father was a Hessian;" and the youngster retorts, "But *I* am a German." United Germany has caught the spirit of the Prussian war song. In most things is the Berliner supersensitive, but not concerning his battles. There he is consciously superior. There is victory in the very atmosphere of Berlin. The black eagle of Germany, a featherless bird at best, screams from every lamp post and proclaims

victory from coins and coats of arms. A German prince once said: "Berlin has starved her way to greatness." Fought her way, would be better; and Berlin is proud of it. At the western end of the Linden, just opposite the beginning of the broad chaussée which bisects the Thiergarten, stands a huge gate, severely Doric in design, affording five carriage ways and two large passages for pedestrians. It impedes traffic, is clumsy and useless, yet what Berliner would consent to its demolition? On its top stands a quadriga with a bronze Victory, the most celebrated of the numerous sisterhood perched about Berlin; for did she not, one fine day, helped on by Napoleon's engineers, drive off to Paris with her chariot and four, and there abide until success again crowned the Prussian legions? Now she fronts toward Russia, not France; perhaps it is an omen. Perhaps rather it is fortunate, for, just behind her, out in the Thiergarten, is a gaudy young rival, the Victory of Bismarck's wars, a gilded monstrosity, perched on a cannon begirt shaft. This is the Victory Column of Berlin. Some



KROLL'S GARDEN.

one has dubbed it a "bundle of asparagus." The description is not bad. The golden goddess above deserves no better, though one can overlook her bigness, knowing that the old Emperor thought so too, and remarked that it was too big for the column. "True," rejoined the courtly sculptor, "but, sire, what monument could be too large for your victories?" Since then no Berliner can see aught but Borussia, big and glorious, in Strack's great mistake.

These rival Victories have a numerous train. A daintier goddess caps the dome of the Charlottenburg Schloss. The martial figures on the Schloss bridge have already been mentioned. Berlin is a city militant. Nor does the Berliner ever forget Schiller's adage :

"Victory leads Peace by the hand."

At three o'clock each afternoon, the Linden is crowded. It is Kaiser time. Americans know it and flock thither. The Berliner knows it, too, and comes to make his daily bow to his Emperor. One day this stern young man will dash by in a car-

riage attended by a single adjutant, saluting perfunctorily and apparently much bored. Another he will sally forth on horseback, in the white uniform of the Garde du Corps, and then he looks every inch an Emperor. You will meet him wandering with a single attendant through the less trodden paths of the Thiergarten, or you may ogle him to your heart's content at the Opera ; no one is easier to see or harder to understand. The Berliner gave that up long ago. Wilhelm II is simply "der Kaiser." His personality completely overshadows all else in Berlin. A paternal government, his has been called ; indeed this youngster in affairs is the father of his country in quite all senses save ours. The little princes are his *kinder* ; so are the veterans who fought at Königgrätz and Sedan. The police are his lash and warning when the children disobey. But the Berliner is content, never musing on the havoc which would follow, should a Kaiser prove a weakling. Not once has a Prussian king been conspicuous for faults such as plunged France toward revolution



THE BRANDENBURG GATE.



THE COLUMN OF VICTORY.

and would unseat royalty in England today were it not standing already. William II is not chauvinistic; on the contrary, he is progressive and independent. His is a new page in the history of Germany. What his influence will be in this land of paternal government may be imagined. But the Berliner cares little; his beer is good, his newspaper dull. Government is for the Kaiser. And thus does the fat and sleepy Bear, the municipal

totem of Berlin, get on well with the Eagle of the Hohenzollern. If he did not, it needs no prophet to predict the fate of the Bear.

The Berliner is a sensible burgher. Is he rich? He owes it to the Hohenzollern. Is his property secure? The Hohenzollern protects it. Is his city great? That, too is the Hohenzollern's doing. Fortunately, he appreciates the obligation. Berlin is nothing, if not "The City of the Kaiser."

MY GRANDMAMMA'S VALENTINE.

ALWAYS chaperoned and guarded,
Grandmamma with waist so taper;
Grandpa had to tell his passion
On a bit of fancy paper.

Times have changed, and girls are different;
Young folks of the present day
Do their love making in person,
And in quite another way.

Cornelia Redmond.